HOSANNA,

OR

DIVINE POEMS

ON THE PASSION

OF CHRIST.

BY

FRANCIS QUARELES.

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VPON THE DAY OF OVR SAVIOVRS NATIVITY.

THis day's a riddle for the God that made
This day, this day from his owne Creature had
His making too; his flesh, and bone, and lim
And breath from her, that had her breath from him.
Th'unbribed Judge of Mans eternall doome
This day was Pris'ner in a Virgins wombe:
And the Lord Paramount of all the Earth
Was wanting a poore Tenement at his birth,
Into the Inne this meane guest must not come.
Strange, he that fills all roomes should have no roome.

The Sunne dropt from his ſpheare, and did decline
His unſhorne head to the Earth; his radiant ſhine
Peep'd from the windores of the Eaſt, to breath
New life on People in the ſhades of Death.
Deare Sunne ſince from thy ſphere thou once were ſent,
Here is a Soule, make it thy firmament.

Borne of a Virgin.

ALthough the eye of Faith, not reaſon can
Behold a Virgin Mother of a Man,
Yet Naturaliſts affirme ſome things may breed
And have their propagation without ſeed.
As that rich crop of Peaſe which Story ſayes
Made Orford famous in our Granſires dayes
Th'admir'd Phœnix which admits no paire
In her perfumed aſhes leaves an heire.

And this *Maiola* dares to juſtifie
To be no falſe, but true hiſtory.
By ſeminall commixtion, I had bin
Diſtain'd, and ſoiled with originall ſin,
Pure muſt the Pipe, pure muſt the Conduit bee,
That muſt convey water of life to mee.
Our Sunne of righteouſneſſe when he would ſhine
Vpon the world, chooſe *Virgo* for his ſigne.

Borne in *Auguſtus* time.

NOw was the man of men great *Iulius* ſlaine,
And with his blood had dy'd the chaire in graine
Hee ſate in, in the Senate: and the flood
Which ſtream'd from civill warre dri'd in his blood;

And now the milde *Augustus* sate above
The Sphere of *Rome* like a propitious *Iove*.

And with a milder influence clear'd the skies,
And purg'd these exhalations which did rise
From so much blood effused: or was sent
Like some *Apollo* to *Romes* firmament;
For in his sunnie dayes was learnings spring,
All the Arts flourish'd, and each Muse did sing
The fulnesse of all time, who will not thinke?
When Peace and Learning were so fairely link't?
When Wisdome had its flourish on the earth,
Then had the Wisdome of the Father birth.
And when the Olive branch of Peace was showne
Then, not before, the Prince of Peace came downe!

Borne

Borne in Winter.

PHlegmatick Winter on a bed of Snow
Lay ſpitting full of rhewme; the Sunne was now
Inn'd at the Goat; the melancholique Earth
Had her wombe bound, and hopeleſſe of the birth
Of one poore flowre, the fields, wood, meads, and all
Fear'd in this ſnowie ſheet a funerall,
Nor only ſenſeleſſe Plants were in decay
Man, who's a Plant revers'd, was worſe then they.
He had a ſpirituall Winter, and bereft
Not of his leaves, but juyce, nay, nothing leſt:
His paſſive power to live was ſo abated
He was not to be rais'd, but new created.
When all things elſe were periſhed, and when
No flowers were, but in their cauſes, then

Twas wondrous Flower it selfe to act did bring,
And Winter was the Flowre lesser spring.

Borne in the Night.

THe heav'n was now but mask'd, and now forbids
His eyelike starres to looke out of their lids,
For it had been a shame unto the night
If but one starre had miss'd so great a sight.
Or else it was muffled in silent shade,
And dress'd in sullen blacks, and was afraid
To let one starre gaze out, for had it seene
This sight, it had for ever blinded been.
There was a double night, a night of sinne,
Darke Heav'n design'd the darkenesse we were in
The darkenesse, which through heav'n with silence roules
Was the sad Emblem of our darkned soules.

Now

Now when the Sun, which daily rounds the skies
Was gone to bed, this other Sunne did rise;
For happy 'twas not fit there should appeare
Two Suns at once, in the same Hemisphere.

The Angels tell it to the *Shepheards.*

THere is a point of happinesse a time set
Wherein felicity either must be met
Or miss'd for ever; and that certaine now
Is, when w'are at our Callings; from the Plow
Rome painfull *Quintus* her Dictator makes.
While *Matthew* gathers toule, and custome takes
Hee's call'd to write a Gospell. At their Net
The sonnes of *Zebedee* their conversions met.

And while these men stand Centinells 'and keep
Strict ward, and watch about their charge their sheep,
They from themselves are rapt with sacred Hymnes;
And ravish'd with a noise of Cherubimes.
That sung this infants lullabie. The storie
Hath some proportion with the Auditorie,
They Shepherds were, to them the tydings came.
And the first Gospel of the Holy Lambe.

Of the Starres that appeared to the wise men.

Astrologie hath this rule; Heav'ns seldome shine
With idle fires; like Prophets they devine
Stupendious events; That spark'ling beame
That did so long in *Cassiopia* streame,

And

And ſhot upon the world an angery glance,
Shew'd in its lookes the Maſſacree of *Fraute*
This Starre whoſe comming *Balaam* had profeſt,
From ſome wiſe men, thinke theſe wiſe men were gueſt
Not fram'd by Natures fingers, but the hand
That framed Nature did not move and ſtand
A non ſignificant, but it ſelfe a wonder,
Shew'd that a greater miracle lay under.
How was th' eternall Sonne obſcured here
A Stable was his Heav'n, a Crib his ſphere.
Never had Sun ſuch an Eclips as this,
To want a Starre to ſhew men where it is.

Of the wiſe men.

LEt them not boaſt, that they firſt ſaw this Starre,
A brawnie brainleſſe Clowne might goe as farre,
For

The Starre in *Cassiopea* as I find.

Tycho confesse, was shew'd him by a Hinde,

Wise though they were, they'd gone they knew not (whether

Had this Starre then been sent to lead them thither.

So that the Starre which did before them goe

Both shew'd them light, and shew'd their blindnesse too.

But why a Starre? when God doth meane to woe us,

He useth meanes that are familiar to us.

Peter a fisher was, and with a draught

Of many fishes was the fisher caught:

These men were vers'd in Starres and well could read (them

Therefore a Starre is chosen out to lead them.

How are men drawne to heaven the way they please,

Fish too for *Peter*, and a Starre takes these.

Of

Of the Innocents.

HArke what is that *I* heare? O tis the ſound
Of *Rachel*! cauſe her children can'nbe found.
Herod that Fox: ſo is his title good
He ſlayes the tender Lambs, and ſucks their blood.
Strange tempered hearts whoſe edges would not yeeld
Suppled with all the teares that day were ſpild;
Hearts of the Rock which like to Diamonds muſt
Be cut, or ner'e be cut, with their owne duſt.
There a child giving death a lovely looke
Smiles on his executioner; there an other
Aſleep is ſlaine; Sleep chang'd to death his brother
Dennis who ſweats to put on ranke and file
Heav'ns Spirits by mine orders; doth beguile
himſelfe

Himselfe and me; his memorie was too blame
This order of the Innocents not to name.

Of *St.* Stephen.

SOme names are ominous, wherein wise fate
Writes in fare Characters mens future state
Hippolitus who scorn'd incestuous sports
Was torne with horses, as his name imports.
Stephen was a Crowne, which shew'd in time to come
He should put on the Crown of Martyrdome.
A Crowne enchas'd with stones, nay such a one
Earth cannot boast, 'twas all of precious stone;
The storme of stones which at this Martyr flew
Recoil'd, inriched with an Orient hue.
The meaneſt flint which at this Saint was throwne,
Reflects a Rubie, or some richer stone.

The ſtones advanced to a heap, become
As firſt our *Martyrs* Crowne, ſo now his tombe.
Muſe, make a Pagan wonder: thus ſet down,
Here lyes a man intombed in his crowne.

Of our Saviours Circumciſion, or New-yeares day.

THe ſeventh day from his birth, he did begin
Obedience to the Law and pawnd his skin.
He would fulfill it; when *Ziskas* houre was come
He ſhould expire, he bad them make a Drum
Ofs' skin, conceited it would ſcare the foe
'Twas ſtrange antipathie, if it would doe ſo.
But this ſmall peece of skin was ſuch a ſpell
It ſcar'd the ſtoutie Regiments of Hell.

It made the infernall Legions retreit
And did indeed what *Zisca* but conceit
The drops this day effused, were but laid
For his Good-Frydayes earnest, when he paid
For our Redemption blood in full summes,
Now it but drops, then in a tempest comes,
The circumcision of this infant did
Christen our New-yeares day: that blood was shed
Did make a double Birth-day to appeare,
One of our happinesse, one of the yeare.

Vpon

Vpon Our Saviours PASSION.

They put a Crowne of Thornes *upon his head.*

THe Earth and Wood, which did the Earth compact
Had the same curse assign'd for the same fact.
Adam did fall from the state he was in,
The Earth and World beare thornes for *Adams* sin.
When *Isaack* once, as mankind now, was laid
A Sacrifice; a sheepe the ransome paid.
See here that Sheepe caught in a Thorne, whose blood
Stood then for *Isaack*, now for mankind stood.

Hea

Hee as a Prince a Crowne like Princes weares,
And Thornes are th'Emblemes of a Princes cares:
The Church a Lilly amongſt Thornes doth grow,
And as the Churches head himſelfe doth ſo.
When *Romes* Dictators did a Conqueſt bring
From ſome ſackt Towne, or from ſome petty King
Triumphing Palme, and Temples crowning Bayes
Circling their browes ſhot from their head like rayes.
Hee Hell [illegible] captive, Death in Triumph borne.
And yet [illegible] head crown'd with Thorne:
Peace; 'twas [illegible] his blood had dide the twigs
And chang'd [illegible] Coralli ſprigs,
Or ſtain'd the buds, ſo [illegible] roſie bluſh
Out-vied the Engliſh or the [illegible] buſh.

They

They gave him Vineger and Gall, *Mat.* 27. And Wine *mingled with Myrrh*, Mark 15.

WHen one was on the curſed tree to die,
They gave Narcotick drinke to ſtupifie
And dull the motion of the active ſenſe
So to allay the racking violence
Of his ſharpe tortures, and the Rabbins ſay
That theſe compounded potions were they
Give Wine to men ready to quit their breath,
Vineger is his preparative to Death;
He muſt have nought but Vineger who hath
Trod in the Wine-preſſe of his Fathers wrath.

Thoſe lips that once like honey combs diſtill'd
Are now with gall in ſtead of honey fill'd.
And he's preſented with a draught of gall,
Whoſe innocence before had none at all.
One of the Wiſe-men that to *Bethlem* went
To doe him homage, did him Myrh preſent.
So they did here, but in a different caſe
'Twas there in honour, here in his diſgrace.

They compell'd *Simon* of *Syrene* to beare his Croſſe.

HE could not beare his croſſe, his croſſe muſt try
To beare the burthen of his Majeſty.
A burthen which the Legendaries write
Made *Chriſtopher* to ſtoope, maugre his might,

Which maz'd him, till 'twas whiſper'd in his eare
He had borne him, that all the world did beare.
His Yoke is eaſie; yet on him they lay
A heavie croſſe to carry; who dares ſay
That this was juſt? yet thus we men requite
Him, who profeſſed that his burthen's light,
But this 'twas made it heavie, there came in
His Fathers wrath to boot, and the worlds ſin.
Poore *Simon* then comming out of the field
Where haply he had plow'd, not us'd a Shield;
Receives the croſſe for's armes; no Herauld can
Produce me ſuch another Gentleman.
So he walkes on to *Golgotha*, where hee
Commends his Saviour to the fatall Tree
Where Death and Life were wond in mutuall ſtrife,
It was his tree of death, our tree of life.

Crucified.

THoſe hands, which Heav'n like to a curten ſpred,
Are ſpred upon the Croſſe: thoſe hands which did
Conſolidate the metals in the ground,
One of thoſe metals gave thoſe hands the wound:
See his hands ſpred, as if he meant to grace
His Executioners with his laſt embrace,
Nay, all the world: for if his fiſt can hold
The winds, his armes can all the world enfold.
See there *Longinus* with his ruder ſpeare
Peirce his Diviners ſide, from whence appeare
Water and blood, whoſe white and red preſent
Th'admitting and confirming Sacrament.

See

See here his feet nail'd to the Croſſe, which done
Thoſe feet with ſtreames of purple did ſo runne,
That in one ſenſe it might be underſtood
Our Saviours feet were ſwift to ſhed blood:
His hands and feet thus forced to obey
The cruell nailes command; may we not ſay
The Starre that out of *Jacob* ſhin'd ſo farre
Was then, or never made a fixed Starre?

Crucified between two Theeves.

WHat, reckon'd amongſt rogues? mixt with the rabble
Diſvail'd like the jewell in the fable
Caſt in the count 'mongſt theeves? what coine is he
In Jury ſtamp'd, yet there not currant be?

They ſhould not for inſcription take refuſe
Ieſus of Nazareth King of the Iewes;
A Peece ſo rich, no Angell that could make it
So good, the Devill was content to take it.
When mans arrearages for ſinne were paid,
And the whole ranſome of the world defraid
Thoſe Moraliſts who anciently did dreame
Vertue was not a meane, but an extreame,
If they had ſeene him placed thus, would ſweare
Vertue was in the midſt, for he was there,
And by his preſence made it plaine to try
How Vertue look'd ſet by her contrary.
And yet his glory had not an addition
Of luſtre lent it by this oppoſition;
To ſet him off, he ſtood in need of none
No foile was needfull for ſo rich a Stone.

The

The Earth did quake.

REſt is the property her creator gave her,
But now a Palſey makes her veins to quaver:
How cam't to paſſe, that windcholique ſtrove
In the Earths bowels, and did make her move.
Shee once was built ſo firmely on her baſe
Shee need not feare a ſhouldering from her place,
'Tis true; but wa'ſt not time to ſtirre, when hee
That faſtned her, was faſtned to a tree.
When he was in his loweſt declination,
Then duſt and aſhes had their exaltation.
And the Earth rous'd lier ſelfe, as if ſhee meant
To be no more the loweſt element.
Or ſince his deaths-men did ſo bouldly dare,
Shee taught them by example how to feare.

The Earth did put on man, and trembling ſhooke,
Man put on earth, and no amazement tooke;
Sure this will aggravate thoſe mens offence
The Earth ſhow'd reaſon, and the men no ſenſe.

The Sunne was in a totall Eclips, and not as naturally it ſhould have been in the *Sign with the Moon.*

TWo Suns were ſeene, when *Charles* the Great deceaſt,
Whoſe mighty wings ore-ſhaded all the Weſt.
But when this mightier King of Kings did die
Not one appear'd to beautifie the skie:
For when Great *Charles* did undergo his doome
One Sunne ſeem'd added to ſupply his roome.

But

But when the God of Natures ſelfe was gone
Into a Paſſion, there was uſe for none.
Nay, when the Sphere of light was puſſed out
How could the Sunne poore Taper looke about?
Horrid Eclipſe; for now the Moone by right
Was not in the Sunes ſigne, but oppoſite;
And the ſame way our ſinnes eclips'd that Sun
Upon the Croſſe, by oppoſition.
Miraculous Eclipſe, how could the ſmall
And leſſe circumference of the Moone hide all
The larger Sunne, but that our darker ſin
To aide the Moone, did bring her forces in.

The

The Graves opened, and many of the Saints aroſe.

THere was no Trumpet here to raiſe the dead,
And call them from their graves, nor was there (need,
Though no Arch-Angell with a Trumpet cried,
Yet now the Angell of the Covenant died.
And dying cri'd with a loud voice; and thoſe
Miſtooke it for the Trumpet, and aroſe.
They roſe, as if it had been their intents
To give him choiſe of all their Monuments.
And ſeeing that he muſt interment have,
Each Saint did ſeeme to cry, pray take my grave.
When he bow'd downe his head, the dead rais'd theirs
And lookt out of their frighted Sepulchres.

The

The ſoules ſhot out of heav'n in to the dead,
And did a ſecond time their bodies wed.
And though they had not left their bleſſed thrones
To reaſſume their ancient fleſh and bones:
Yet his laſt gaſpe had been enough to have hurl'd
Soules into all the bodies of the world.

Buried in a Garden.

AFter his ſpirituall death, firſt *Adam's* caſt
Out of the Garden, where he had been plac'd.
After his Corporall, ſecond *Adam's* put
Into a Garden, and there cloſely ſhut.
The firſt had not gone out but for his ſin,
And but for ours, the ſecond not come in.
Hee's in a Garden laid, not as one dead,
But as a living Plant ſet in a bed:

Set in the Spring, and without aid of showres
Sprung in the spring-time, like to other flowres
To which he gave the beauty that they have,
And that's the reason, that the spring's so brave,
Nay, wholesome as 'tis brave, for in that place
Sprung up (if ever) that rich herbe of grace.
Our Herbalists have writ that Serpents feare
The vertue of that herbe, nor dare come neare
Her soveraigne powre; I care not though they misse
I'm sure th'old Serpent dares not come neere this.

Buried in a new Tombe hewen out *of a Rock.*

WHen Emperours were crown'd, Tomb-makers (brought
Severall stones, and what the Emperour thought
Best in his choise, that stone was laid aside
To be the Emperours Tomb-stone when he died.

This

This Emperour was crown'd but choose no stone,
To fit supplies that want, and chooseth one,
And such a one, as might be censur'd fit
For him that was to be inclos'd in it.
That wondrous stone, which *Daniel* saith was cut
Out of the *Rock*, that stone it selfe was put
Into a stone, which lately had forsaken
The rockie Quarrie, whence it had been taken.
That for his Epitaph it might be read,
Here in a stone, a stone lies buried.
'Twas a new Tombe, and was it not most fit
For that pure body which was put in it?
How like his Tombe and maiden Mother is,
Man never lay with her, nor man in this.
He that was taken from a Virgin Wombe
Where should he lye but in a Virgin Tombe.

The Mount of Olives.

He's humble; and that humbleneſſe will ſhow
By th'Emblem; Nature plants the Olive low.
But as preſaging that from hence ſhould bee
The ſtarting of a great aſcention, ſhee
Set theſe upon a Hill, as if ſhee meant
They ſhould have theirs, where he had his aſcent,
He's a King, and his Majeſty will ſhow
By th'Emblem; Oyle annoints the royall brow
Not liquors, unguents, nor rich Palmes we try,
But Oyle; for Oyle denoteth Soveraignty.
Blended with other liquors it will move
In an ambition till it ſtowes above.
In the compounding of a Majeſty,
A chiefe ingredient is humility.

The heightned ſpirits would be too elate
If humbleneſſe ſhould not attemper ſtate.
In him like friended Elements they doe
Commix; he was a Lambe, yet Lion too.

Whit-Sunday: There was a noiſe from heaven as of a ruſhing mighty wind.

WHen ſad *Elijah* did by Horeb lye,
A roaring wind ſo buffeted the skie
As if the muſterd vapours had combind
To make one ſtorme; God was not in the wind.
But when th'Apoſtles by conſent were met,
After their parture from Mount Oliver
A bellowing tempeſt vollied from the Sphere,
And fill'd all the roome, and God was there

The

The ſpirit and the wind may ſeeme to bee
Imploy'd in conſort for their ſimpathie
When th'univerſe was made, and darkneſſe ſtrove
For place, the ſpirit did on the waters move;
When the drown'd world was to be made agen
The wind did move upon the waters then.
Now when th'eternall Spirit was to blow
And breath on them, he ſent a wind, as though
The uncreated Spirit had aſſign'd
Th'other created ſpirit of the wind
To uſher him the way as he ſhould come,
Or be his Harbinger to take his roome.

There

There appeared unto them *Tongues.*

WHen Babel firſt rear'd her ambitious creſt
Upon the Plaine of Shinar, to contest
With heav'n; a different language did beguile
The Founders hopes, and ſtay the riſing Pile,
So when the Church was to be edified,
The builders language was diverſified;
But difference of tongues had different power,
It rais'd the Church and ruined the Tower.
Th'Apoſtles were Ambaſſadors aſſign'd
By the King of Heav'n to go to all Mankind;
And 'twas both reaſon, and their Kings intent
That they ſhould know the tongues before they went

Yet they had none, but as the haſte requir'd
Their language was infuſed, not acquir'd.
Unletter'd ſoules, poore Fiſher-men that ſpoke
Hardly more tongues, then the mute fiſh they tooke.
He who's the Fathers word, a promiſe gave
That he ſhould ſend, and they a preſent have.
This miſſion did the miracle afford,
He ſent the Tongues, who was himſelfe the Word.

Tongues of fire, and ſate upon each of them.

WHen fire like the Poſtillion was paſt
Elijah; a ſoft language came at laſt.
But here was no precedencie in either,
The fire and language did come both together,

For he who Father of all language is,
Was in the Apoſtles fire, but not in his.
That fierce apparition which did flame
In *Moſes* buſh, and not enfire the ſame,
Helpt not his tongues defect, nor did him ſtore
With any dialects unknowne before.
Here it did both, here the divided blaze
Refin'd their ſtile, and varied their phraſe
The Prophet had not power to ſo reare
Becauſe it was fire in his bones; 'twas here
Fire in their tongues; they needs muſt ſilence breake
Tongues tipt with fire, how can they chooſe but ſpeak?
The Prophets tongue once with a coale had bin
Toucht at the Altar by a Cherubin;
But here it were ſuperfluous to require
Coales for theſe tongues, theſe tongues themſelves were (fire,

Theſe tongues the Spirit would not repreſent
In the drie, cold, or the moiſt Element,
That temper were too languiſhing and weake,
So powerfull an Embaſſie to ſpeake.
They muſt be fire, whoſe doctrine muſt be hurl'd
Swift as the wings of lightning through the world,
And worke th'effects of lightning; will not hit
A heart of fleſh, but gently paſſe by it.
But grindes theſe hearts to duſt, whoſe hardneſſe dare
Provoke a Nether Mill-ſtone to compare,
And like the lightnings uncontrouled ſtroake
Slides by a Reed, but ruinates an Oake;
And fire they were to ſeparate the gold
From the admixture of th'impurer mould,
To take the maſſe of the whole rationall creature
To fine, and quinteſſentiate their nature,

And with the Alchimie of heavenly fire,
Make the extracted ſpirits to aſpire,
Which with repeated heates they ſo refin'd
That they drew out th'Elixar of Mankind:
Steele-temper'd conſciences, and hearts conflate
Of ſturdieſt metals, as unmov'd as fate
Were by the working of the fire made fit,
Cœleſtiall formes, and notions to admit.
Their Sermons were not only heard but felt
And made a leaden Auditory melt.
Which being ſo diſſolved they impreſt
Divine *Ideas* in the ſoftned breſt
Thoſe parted blazes fix'd on them did ſhine
Like prettie Commets, whence one might divine
Some alteration; and there was; for then
There was the change of ſoules, and change of men.

Or elſe like Starres theſe little flames did ſlide
With which th'Apoſtles were all ſtellified,
And turn'd to the twelve Signs, through which the Sun
Of Righteouſneſſe ſhould as his Zodiack run,
Or from the Phantaſme which did then appeare,
There was ſome order inſtituted there.
The badge was fiery tongues, and they may boſt
Themſelves of th'Order of the *Holy Ghoſt.*

FINIS.

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